

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

To Put Plattsburg Idea Into Effect at Sea

WASHINGTON.—Secretary Daniels and his advisers decided to inaugurate a system of civilian naval training similar in general outline to that on which military training camps have been established at Plattsburg and elsewhere. It is planned to use six battleships to take those who present themselves for training for a month's cruise, beginning about August 15.

The vessels to be utilized as training ships will take on their student personnel along the Atlantic coast, probably at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Portland and Charleston. It is estimated that the six battleships will make possible the training of 2,500 men. A similar program, it is expected, will be prepared next year for development of the plan on the Pacific coast.

The plan, which was drafted by Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, proposes that the cost to the men shall be sufficiently low to enable those in moderate circumstances to join. The only compulsory requirement is that each volunteer declare his intention of giving his services to the navy in case of war. It is not proposed to require an oath, but merely a declaration of intent.

The object of the plan is to establish a naval reserve of civilians exclusive of former enlisted men and those of the professional seafaring classes. Navy department officials are confident a sufficient number of men will respond to make the undertaking a success.

Federal Health Service Makes War on Washrag

NOW comes the crusade for the extinction of the common washrag. Having swatted with a large measure of success the common towel, the public health service has found a new target in its companion piece, the washrag. In an official announcement the public health service, modestly admitting a large success in its campaign against the common towel and the roller towel, says:

"Now comes the news that the common washrag is an even greater menace to health.

"The hotels and public hostels have recognized this for some time, and have supplied their guests with sterilized washcloths in individual sealed packets. The damp, 'sour-smelling' washrag still exists, however, in many private households. Imperfectly washed out after use, frequently not wrung out at all, it is often hung over a rack or radiator near an open window, there to collect dust and dirt. Frequently the same washrag is used by the entire family, thus affording an easy means of transference of mouth secretions from person to person. In many households each individual has his own washcloth, and his individual towel, but these hang so close to one another that there is ready interchange of bacteria. Each individual should have his own washcloth. It should be thoroughly washed out with clean hot water after use. It should be then wrung as nearly dry as possible, and, if possible, hung in the sun to dry. It should not come in contact with other washcloths. In the investigations the United States public health service is conducting in regard to the prevalence of trachoma, it has been found that common towels probably acted as a medium of distribution of the germ of disease."

Library Devoted Solely to Subject of Fish

CAN one imagine a whole library devoted to fish? There is one in Washington, which is the best fish library in the world, and it is among the most useful institutions of its kind existing, for, the Washington Star says, it is one of the most live and up-to-date scientific libraries with which this government supplies its scientific investigators.

This is the library of the bureau of fisheries, and the custodian, who has done the greater part of the work in building and systematizing this one of the most active and useful scientific aids of its kind, is a woman—Miss Rose MacDonald—thoroughly competent to care for the special library of which she is the head. She is the one woman in the federal service who has passed the civil service examination as a fish culturist, having entered the office and passed the examination as a specialist eight years ago. During the intervening years she has kept up with the scientific progress of this important bureau of the department of commerce.

"The library of the bureau of fisheries is the finest of its kind in the world," said Miss MacDonald recently. "I feel almost certain that nowhere else can there be found so extensive a collection of literature pertaining to aquatic biology. You perhaps know that the subject of fish conservation is one of the biggest questions before the commercial world of today. The fish food problem is a great branch of our work, as are fish diseases. Everything done in the work tends toward the problem of economy and efficiency in fish conservation, in which the matters of fish food and fish diseases bear a vital part."

Woman Helps Make Capital More Presentable

IT HAS become a commonplace to say that Washington is one of the most beautiful cities of the world. This followed as a natural consequence when various engineers and landscape artists, after experimenting with their own futile plans, returned to the original plan for the federal city as submitted to President Washington in 1790 by Maj. Pierre L'Enfant.

But this scheme embraced only the broad sweeping avenues, the trees and recurring green spots in triangles, squares and odd corners which make Washington so charming and so unique.

It remained for a public-spirited woman to throw the weight of her influence and to inspire others with her enthusiasm in the building of houses worthy of their environment. This is Mrs. Mary Foote Henderson, widow of John Brooks Henderson, senator from Missouri during the thrilling days from 1862 to 1869, and illustrious in many ways.

Boundary Castle, the home of Mrs. Henderson, is in its way the beginning of an epoch, and it must always stand as the first step toward a proper residential section on the proper streets.

Washington has no building laws. Only public opinion and the awakened sense of beauty may prevent the stately mansion of marble being elbowed by a shanty of cast-off bricks. Mrs. Henderson did yeoman work in arousing this sentiment, and her first step was this picturesque feudal pile crowning a splendid eminence at the head of Sixteenth street.

Boundary Castle was built when the hill was virgin ground and was the only considerable mansion on the boundary of the city for a full half mile. Now the magnificent avenue is lined on either side with mansions which show plainly the influence of Mrs. Henderson's crusade.

Some six or eight of these imposing residences were built by Mrs. Henderson and are leased to various foreign governments. They represent a post-graduate course in the art of correct building and are in a way a renaissance for architecture in the domestic sense in the national capital.

What Mrs. Henderson has done for art in Washington, or, rather, for artists, would make a fascinating chapter. She has a superb art gallery at Boundary Castle, and she proves her interest in all rising geniuses by buying of their work.

UNIQUE CORRESPONDENCE.

In the girls' high school at Reading, Pa., there are 150 girls who are maintaining a correspondence with a similar number of girls in Leipzig, Germany. The Reading girls write in German, while those abroad use English. Daughters of physicians, merchants, clergymen and other occupations and professions correspond with the daughters of men similarly engaged in Leipzig. As all letters are subject to censor, they are sent unsealed, from both Reading and Leipzig. The exchange was started as a purely educational feature, the various correspondents correcting errors in their respective letters. Strong friendships have been established among the writers. The Leipzig letters never in any way mention the war.

When the girl says they are engaged and the young man says they are not it takes a jury to decide.

VILLA BANDITS IN ACTION IN MEXICO



WAR-SWEPT VERDUN

Crashing of Shells Only Sound in Deserted Village.

Three Remaining Civilians Boast of Their Courage in Staying in Bombarded Town—Germans Keep Good Watch and Prevent Pillaging.

London.—H. Warner Allen, representative of all the British newspapers with the French armies, sends the following picture of war-battered and deserted Verdun:

Today, Verdun is not crowded. Not a shop is open. It can muster three civilians, and all three of them are rightly proud of their courage in staying in the bombarded town. I have just been walking down the main street. Everywhere there is silence except for the crashing of the big shells and the sound of splinters falling on the roofs. All the goods the shopkeepers had collected as specially calculated to appeal to the soldier in the trenches have disappeared and now when one walks down the Rue Mazel one's course is frequently interrupted. There comes a rush of wings in the air and instinctively one makes for the nearest doorway, ducking as one goes. Then there is a big explosion and one goes on.

It was in the Rue Mazel that I met one of the three civilians of Verdun. He was contemplating the view from his door with a contented smile and looked at me with supreme contempt when I excited for cover at a particularly loud explosion. "You are taking refuge on the wrong side of the road," he remarked mildly. "The left is the side to escape from splinters, since that is the side from which the Boches are firing. Anyhow it is no use ducking, since by the time you've heard the shell the danger is over." As we went up the steep, lonely streets towards the cathedral our attention was suddenly attracted by a strange, piercing sound that contrasted quaintly with the continuing roar of exploding shells. It was a kitten mewling plaintively in the first story of a house. It had obviously been forgotten in the haste of evacuation. The owner of the house had closed up the shutters and had never given a thought to the poor beast and it was slowly starving to death.

A rescue party was at once formed. M. Georges Scott, the artist, who is mobilized as a chasseur alpin, mounted on my shoulders and endeavored to pry open the shutter with a stick, but his efforts were unavailing, and eventually the kitten's life was saved by the firemen of Verdun, who, at our request, broke into the house. Several large shells had fallen near the cathedral. One of them had gutted a girl's school and another had landed far and square on a shop that sold religious ornaments and emblems. For some unexplained reason there was a curfew's bat lying pathetically on the top of the debris, and at the back against a wall that had miraculously escaped destruction stood a statue of Joan of Arc.

The pigeons, which were flying in uneasy circles above the cathedral, seemed to be curiously disturbed by the bombardment. As a general rule, the birds seem to regard bombardment as a natural cataclysm, to be suffered since it cannot be prevented. Anyhow, the pigeons of Verdun have not yet grown accustomed to the noise of the German bombardment.

Despite German shells, the French gendarmes keep a good watch in Verdun. There is no pillaging, and the refugees who in their hurry left their house windows open and doors unlocked can sleep easy as to the contents of their houses, except in so far as an enemy projectile may reduce them to powder. Just near one of the gates there is a house of which the shutters have not been closed and the window is still open. It seems that just before the evacuation the owner of the house had some special occasion to celebrate. Looking through the window one can see a table laid for 16 persons and everything prepared for an excellent meal. There was a beautiful, clean tablecloth with napkins folded miter-shaped for every

COSTS SNIPER LIFE

Smoke of Extra Shot Reveals His Position.

Shows Ten Waiting British Marksmen Where Troublesome German Sharpshooter Is Hiding—He Troubles No More.

London.—A noncommissioned officer of a snipers' section who has just returned to the front after what he describes as "six glorious days of leave" sends home an interesting account of how a German sniper was put out of action.

"When I arrived," he said, "I found a spirit of great and indignant offensiveness prevailing in the snipers' section. 'What's wrong?' I asked. I was told that a German sniper—a breed we had congratulated ourselves on having thoroughly exterminated, or at least mastered, on our battalion front—had for some days past been making himself very objectionable by his wonderful ability in breaking periscopes. He had also made all our 'overland short cuts' very unhealthy. These short cuts save us both time and trouble, and are very necessary in bad weather when the condition of the trenches is none too good.

"On the seventh day the tragical climax came. He had 'outed' forever an officer. 'You must get on to this sniper and put him out of action. What are your snipers doing?' asked the C. O. of our sergeant.

"Then we decided one and all that 'Goggles,' so called because he wore big spectacles, must and should evacuate the firing line of reality for the reserve trenches of eternity. A specially selected party of ten would carry out a drastic plan of campaign. The odds would hardly be sporting, but then, 'all's fair in love and war,' so 'Goggles' would have to go. The next morning we silently, and with the utmost care, selected our positions.

"Soon he came—at least his first shot did—and it spat viciously against the parapet in front. The noise a bullet makes hitting your parapet is most annoying, especially as this one was none too far from us. This shot immediately roused us to action. Hardly had the report of his rifle died away ere ten telescopes were searching the German parapets, scrutinizing every inch, in an endeavor to pick up the little puff of blue smoke that should give us his position.

"No luck. We waited. It is a slow game this, and essentially one of patience. He might not fire again for another hour or more, or he might fire any minute. Slowly the time passed. Thirty minutes—an hour and a half, until a short time ago was Miss Gladys Snellenberg of Philadelphia, engaged Mr. Strauss to paint her portrait and design certain costumes for her. At the time it is said, Mr. Strauss, seriously objected, but as Mr. Strauss, according to his own words, was in need of funds, he accepted the commission. Mrs. Arthur Seligman is now on her way to Japan with her husband, having been recently married. She is the daughter of K. Snellenberg of Philadelphia, who is many times a millionaire. Mrs. Strauss was Katherine McDonald, one of the most beautiful of the Winter Garden girls before her marriage.

Five in one family in pen

Father, Mother, Two Sons and Stepson Convicted of Burglary and Receiving Stolen Goods.

Twin Falls, Idaho.—Five members of one family, including the father, mother, two sons and a stepson, were taken to the penitentiary to serve terms of six months to fifteen years for burglary and receiving stolen goods. The prisoners are J. D. Ross and his wife, sentenced to serve from six months to one year for receiving stolen goods. Another son and Ross' stepson, Orville Duncan, were given sentences of from one to fifteen years for burglary.

Three young children of the couple, including a baby three weeks old, were taken to the children's home in Boise.

Gets mail with pulley

Farmer Didn't Want to Walk to the Road to Get It There.

Whitesville, Mo.—To C. R. Thompson, a farmer living northeast of here, is given the credit of originating the latest method of having his mail brought directly to his door.

Some time ago Thompson decided that it was a waste of time and shoe leather to make the daily trip to his

mail box down by the road, and he set his mind and hand to work on a device which would make said trip unnecessary.

He succeeded, and now, by means of a set of wires and a pulley, the trick is accomplished.

After the mail man's visit, Thompson has only to step to his door and draw in his mail, box and all.

The box is sent back to its post by the roadside in the same manner.

Others in the community are so pleased with Thompson's device that

SUFFER TORTURE FROM COLD

Frightful Agonies Endured by Men at the Front Between Frost and Fire.

That winter introduces many difficulties for the warring nations of Europe is quite evident, and some of these are illustrated in a striking manner by episodes of other campaigns related in the Scientific American:

That winter adds greatly to the difficulties and hardships of the warring European nations cannot be doubted. It is true that improvements in military methods and equipment have made impossible such colossal horrors as those attending Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, or even those incidental to the operations of the allied armies in the Crimean war; yet the rigors of winter are still a factor to be reckoned with in both the strategic and the humanitarian aspects of the war.

As to the sufferings entailed upon the soldiers, a few illustrations will show that these are still inevitable. Of the fighting in Manchuria in January, 1905, during the Russo-Japanese war, Sir Ian Hamilton says: "Horsemen galloped about the field with the foam and dripping sweat of the horses changing into a crust like snow and long dangling icicles. The Fifth division—only 75,000 miles distant from the Russians, near Heikoutai—had the choice between frost and fire. When they stamped their feet to keep life in them, the Russians, expecting an advance, fired on them. When the Japanese remained quiet they lost their toes. Four hundred of them were 'd' to be suffering from tosho (frost bite) the next morning."

An episode in the defense of Plevna in 1877, which might well be repeated today, is recorded by Capt. W. V. Herbert. "The sentry service in our own regiment," he writes, "as well as throughout the camp, was of a cruelly severe character in the rigor of a Bulgarian winter. The original four hours had to be reduced to two, and then to one hour. Fixed, almost buried alive, in a hole four feet deep, with the upper part of the feet exposed to the bitter blasts, the lower embedded in the frozen ground, unable to move (the slightest attempt at a trot, the very act of stepping out of the hole, attracted the enemy's bullets), insufficiently fed, compelled to exercise ceaseless vigilance, struggling against the dangerous drowsiness engendered by frost, the men looked upon sentry duty as the last refinement of torture."

Street Railroad Comedy.

The uncertainty of travel on the cable cars in Edinburgh was responsible for a little comedy the other night, in which the principal actor was an indignant and disappointed passenger. The passenger had just paid his penny fare, when the vehicle came to a stop. It was an unofficial stop, and when it was seen that there was no immediate prospect of a resumption of the journey, the passenger concerned demanded his money back. The conductor, on the ground that he had punched the ticket, refused to comply with the demand. Eventually the passenger, in his indignation, lifted the spare driving wheel which was lying at the rear end of the car and threatened to retain it as a tangible substance for his lost journey. The man was told that he would be given in charge to the police. He threatened to charge the conductor with the theft of the penny. The carman called in the policeman, and the parties proceeded to the police station, where the passenger was charged with the appropriation of the tramway company's property. The police are preparing a report upon it for the crown prosecutor. The complaining passenger was not detained. The stoppage on the route concerned in this tramway episode lasted for about an hour.

A Secret.

George Pence, veteran field examiner of the state board of accounts, whose home is in Columbus, Ind., tells this story of Jim Cooper, a former fellow townsman:

Pence worked in a bank. Cooper appeared at the teller's window one day, beckoned mysteriously to Pence and, when he approached, whispered that he would like a private conference in the back room of the bank.

Mr. Pence hurried to the back room and let Cooper in, closing the door very carefully.

Cooper, grasping Pence by the coat sleeve, moved to a far and dark corner of the room. Then he whispered in Pence's all-too-curious ear:

"Can you change a fifty-dollar bill for me?"

"Yes," gasped Pence, waiting for the climax of these strange notions.

"All right," whispered Cooper, still keeping his hand up to his mouth for secrecy's sake. "I may bring it in Thursday."—Indianapolis News.

Shined the Knives and Forks.

Donald's mother invited Mrs. Neighbor to dinner. During the course of the morning Donald went out to make an informal call on his own account on the prospective guest.

"Now, Donald," said Mrs. N., "tell your mother not to get a thing extra for me. She is not going to any trouble, is she?"

"Not much," replied Donald, "She shined the knives and forks."

Matter of Course.

Fola La Follette said in a discussion of the divorce evil at the suffrage luncheon in New York:

"Too many women accept divorce as a necessary evil, as a matter of course, as a thing bound to come.

"A lawyer asked a young woman witness the other day:

"Are you unmarried?"

"Good gracious, no!" she answered. "I ain't even been married yet!"

Out of the Mouths of Babies.

For half an hour a teacher patiently instructed her class in the art of telling the time from a clock. "Now," she said, at last, as she pointed to the big clock on the wall, "you may be the first to tell me the time, Mary Brown."

Full of importance, Mary turned and studied the dial. Then she faced her teacher again, her eyes shining with triumph. "Please, miss," she said, "it's just one inch past 11!"—Exchange.

IN WESTERN CANADA

"He Who Will and Does Work Will Not Want."

As in the United States it is said, that the Mennonites in Canada are very much oppressed, and have to suffer from a great deal (on account of the war in Europe) and I have been requested to write something about this, I will do so.

I came with my parents A. D. 1874, from Southern Russia to America, via South Dakota, A. D. 1907 I came with my family

here to Western Canada, here we have found a healthy climate; the acre yields on an average more and wheat is better than in South Dakota. What concerns the Government, up to now we have had a good one, have been able to live according to our creed and have not been oppressed in any way, and I believe: All Mennonites, who live according to the fundamental beliefs of the Mennonites and to God's word, as their guide, will agree with me.

He, who, here in Canada, will and does work, will not want. So much as an answer.

Remain your friend,
(Sgd.) DIEDRICH GOOSSEN.

Very few farmers cultivate the habit of keeping careful accounts, showing at the end of the year a balance, either for or against. The farmer of Western Canada is no exception to this. It is felt that more careful book-keeping were resorted to there that much better results would be obtained and shown.

There is the case of the Crowfoot Farming Co., of Crowfoot, Alberta.

It has just issued a certified statement of its operations for the years 1912, 1913, 1914 and 1915. This Company has had for the past few years about 1300 acres in wheat and between 200 and 250 in oats. The total operating and general expenses for 1912, including interest at 6% and depreciation at 15%, were \$12,587, for 1913 \$17,506, for 1914 \$18,729, and for 1915, \$29,804.43. Expense per acre of land in crop was \$7.80 in 1912, \$11.67 in 1913, \$11.70 in 1914, and \$17.87 in 1915. Total receipts were \$15,531 in 1912, \$20,321.26 in 1913, \$31,589.87 in 1914, and \$52,321.26 in 1915. The percentages earned upon capital invested was 6 1/2% in 1912, 30% in 1913, 23 1/3% in 1914, and 50% in 1915, in which year it paid a cash dividend of 58%.

The Company's statement shows that the average dates of finishing seedling was April 20th; the average date commenced cutting was August 18th.—Advertisment.

Hire Woman Detectives.

A woman detective has received an appointment from the Bristol authorities. There is nothing amateurish about the Bristol appointment. The new officer has received special training in police work, and although her duties will chiefly concern women and children her services will be utilized in solving all classes of crime and mystery. "Women," an authority explained, "are particularly adapted for work which comes outside the scope of the ordinary detective, but unfortunately it is sometimes unsafe to trust a woman with an important investigation where young men are concerned. They are swayed by emotion. They can't help it; it is their nature, and they have been known to fall in love with the man they have been sent to watch."

England's Best Dog.

The premier dog of all England and America, being valued at \$300 a pound, ought to be a massive Dane or St. Bernard, but is actually a Pomeranian, and can make no better showing in total avoirdupois than a mere five pounds, total value \$1,500. St. Julien, that being his name, "is an orange cable with a profuse coat, wonderful plumage and a short, cobby body."

Most Prominent.

During a talk on character the teacher held up a picture of a kind-faced old man.

"Who is this?" she asked.

"Longfellow," chorused the class.

"Good," said the teacher. "Mary, tell us what you notice about his face?"

"Lots of whiskers," answered Mary promptly.—Judge.

HANDY HUSBAND

Knew How to Get Part of the Breakfast.

"I know one dish I can prepare for breakfast as well as any cook on earth," said my husband one morning when the cook was ill and he had volunteered to help get breakfast. He appeared with his dish and I discovered it was Grape-Nuts which, of course, it was easy to prepare for it was perfectly cooked at the factory, but it was a good illustration of the convenience of having Grape-Nuts about.

"We took up Grape-Nuts immediately after returning from a five years' sojourn in a hot country. Our stomachs were in bad condition and we were in poor health generally.

"In a day or two we liked Grape-Nuts better than any other kind of food on the table. We both gained steadily in health and strength, and this was caused by Grape-Nuts and Postum.

"A friend of ours had a similar experience. She was seriously ill with indigestion and could find nothing to eat that would not give her heartburn and palpitation, especially at night.

"She found that a small dish of Grape-Nuts with cream made her a satisfactory supper and gave her a comfortable night's rest. In a short time she gained several pounds in weight."

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.